

THE  
BATTLE *of* HEXHAM:

A COMEDY.

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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Bt. from Mr. Brett-Smith

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS PERFORMED IN LONDON,

### M E N.

Marquis of Montague,	<i>Mr. Gardner.</i>
Earl of Warwick,	<i>Mr. Kiff.</i>
Duke of Somerset,	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
La Varenne [Seneschall of Normandy,]	<i>Mr. Williamson.</i>
Corporal,	<i>Mr. Baddeley</i>
Drummer,	<i>Mr. Moss.</i>
Fife,	<i>Mr. Barret.</i>
Fool,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
Barton,	<i>Mr. Aicken.</i>
1st Soldier,	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
1st Villager,	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
2d Ditto,	<i>Mr. Painter.</i>
3d Ditto,	<i>Mr. Abbet,</i>
Gondibert, [Captain of the Banditti,]	<i>Mr. J. Bannister.</i>
1st Robber,	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
2d Ditto,	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
3d Ditto,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
4th Ditto,	<i>Mr. Reese.</i>
Gregory,	<i>Mr. Edwin.</i>
Prince of Wales,	<i>Miss. Gauding.</i>

### W O M E N.

Queen Margaret,	<i>Mrs. Kemble.</i>
Adeline,	<i>Mrs. Goodall.</i>

*Guards, Soldiers, Villagers, &c.*



# THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

## ACT I.

SCENE—*Henry the Sixth's Camp.*

*Enter Adeline, in Mens Cloaths.*

**H**EIGHO!—six dark and weary miles, and not yet at the camp; how tediously affliction traces.—Come, Gregory, come on, why how you lag behind: poor simple soul, what cares has he to weigh him down?—Oh yes he has served me from my cradle, and his plain honest heart feels for his mistress's fallen fortunes, and is so heavy.—Come, my good old fellow come.

*Enter Gregory.*

*Greg.* Mercy on us, how my poor legs do ach!

*Adel.* What, with only six miles this morning—  
Fie!

*Greg.* Six—sixteen, if we've gone an inch; my feet are cut in pieces. A man my as well do penance with peas in his shoes as trudge over these confounded roads in Northumberland. I us'd to wonder when we were at home in the South, where it is as smooth as a bowling green, what the labourers did with the loose stones they carried of the highways.—But now I find they come and shoot their rubbish in the northern countries. I wish we had never come into 'em with all my heart.

*Adel.* Then you are weary of my service—you wish you had not followed me.

*Greg.* Who, I—Heaven forbid! I'd follow you to the end of the world;—nay, for the matter of that, I believe I *shall* follow you there: for I have tramp'd after you a damn'd long way without knowing where we are going. But I'd live—aye and *die* to serve you.

*Adel.*

*Adel.* Well, well, we must to the wars my good Gregory.

*Greg.* The wars! O Lord, that's taking me at my word with a vengeance—I never could abide fighting, there's something so plaguy quarrelsome in it.

*Adel.* Then you had best return. We now, Gregory, are approaching King Henry's camp.

*Greg.* Are we—O dear, O dear! pray then let us make off as fast as we can.

*Adel.* Don't you observe the lights breaking thro' the tents yonder?

*Greg.* Mercy on me—they are tents sure enough. Come, Madam, let's wheel about if you please.

*Adel.* Why, whither should I go, poor simpleton? my house is wretchedness—The wars I seek, have made it so—they have robb'd me of my husband—comfort now is lost to me. My very children, whose pretty frolic round our hearth, charm'd ev'n time and made the lagging winter's night fly swift as the lover's meetings—even they make my heart bleed if they but smile on me—I kiss them thro' my tears, and sigh that they have lost a father. Oh Gondibert, too faithful, too weak a cause—our ruin is involved with our betters.

*Greg.* Oh! rot the cause, say I,—plague on the house of Lancaster, it has been many a noble gentleman's undoing; the white and red roses have caused more eyes to water in England than if we had planted the whole island with onions. Such a coil is kept up with these two houses—one's so old, and t'other's so old, they ought both to be pull'd down, for a couple of nuisances to the nation.

*Adel.* Peace! peace! man—half such a word, tho' spoken at random, might cost your life—the times Gregory, are dangerous.

*Greg.* Very true indeed, Madam; Death has no modesty in him now-a-days; he stares every body full in the face. I wish we had kept quiet at home out of his way: who knows but my master, Lord Gondibert, might



[ 7 ]  
S O N G

Gregory.

*AH, what's a valiant hero!  
Beat the drum, he'll come round,  
Nothings does he fear oh!  
Risques his life while the fife  
There havoc split his ear, oh!  
Groans a bound, trumpets sound,  
What brings up the rear oh?  
In comes death, and stops his breath,  
Then good-bye, valient hero.*

SCENE—*The Camp at Hexham.*

*Enter a Drummer and a Fife.*

*Drum.* Morrow to you, Mr. Tooting, a merry day breaking to your worship.

*Fife.* A sad head-breaking, I fancy, plaguy troublesome times brother, buffeted by the opposite party out of one place, and now waiting till they come to bluffet us out of another. Whenever they do come let me tell you, a man will scarce have time to get up from his straw bed before he's laid down again by a long shot of the enemy, we shall be popp'd at like a parcel of partridges rising from stubble.

*Drum.* Pshaw, what signifies taking matters to heart luck's all—war's a chance you know—if one day's bad anothers better—what matters an odd drubbing or so? a soldier should never grumble.

*Fife.* Why zounds, flesh and blood nor any thing that belongs to a camp can't help it—do now, only give your drum a good beating and mind what a dam'd noise it will make---not grumble, when we take so many hard knocks.

*Drum.* No, to be sure, else how should we able to return 'em.

*Fife.* Why there stands the case, we never can return 'em others now can have a blow, and give a blow, but as for me and yourself, and Kit Crackcheeks,  
the

the trumpeter---od'sbud, they may thump as from morning till night, and all the revenge we have, is toot a toot, dub a dub, and tantarara.

*Drum.* O fie, learn to know our consequence better, brother, I beseech you: My word for it, we are the heroes that do all the execution---who but we, keep up the vigour of an engagement, and the courage of the soldiers. Fear, brother, is for all the world like your bite of a tarantula, there's no conquering its effects without music. We are of as much consequence to an army, as wind to a wind-mill. The wings can't be set in motion without us.

*Fife.* Marry, that's true, and if two armies ever meet without coming to blows, nothing but our absence can be the occasion of it, the only way to restore true harmony is, to take away our music.

*Enter a Corporal and six Soldiers.*

*Sold.* Come along, my boys, for now the news.

*Corp.* Silence.

*Sold.* Ay, silence.

*Corp.* Hold your peace there, and listen to what I am going to inform you---now—who am I?

*Sold.* Our corporal---Alick Puff---our corporal.

*Corp.* Oho, am I so---then obey my orders ye riotous rascals, and keep your tongues between the few teeth the civil wars have been civil enough to leave you.---What, is it for a parcel of pitiful privates to gabble before their superior officers--know yourselves, for a parcel of ignorant boobies, and don't forget that I'm at the head of you.

*Drum.* But prithee, good master corporal, what news.

*Corp.* Aye, there now it is, good master corporal, and sweet master corporal, the news---and who is to tell it but I, and what do I ever get by it?

*Fife.* Come, come, you shall have our thanks with all our hearts---we promise you that.

*Sold.* Aye, aye, that ye shall---now for it.

*Corp.* Why then, you'll all have your throats cut before to-morrow morning.

*Sold.* How!

*Drum.*

might have returned too as unexpectedly as he went—*I'm* sure he left us unexpectedly enough, for the duce of any notice did he give us of his going.

*Adel.* Aye, Gregory, was it not unkind—and yet I will not call him so—the times are cruel—not my husband—his affection had too much thought in it to change—his regular love corrected by the steady vigour of his mind knew not the turbulence of boyish raptures; but like a sober river in its banks flowed with a sweet and equal current. Oh it was such placid stream of tenderness!—How long is it since your master left us, Gregory?

*Greg.* Six months come to-morrow. Madam—I caught a violent cold the same day; it has settled in my eyes I believe, for they have been troublesome to me ever since. Ah! I shall never forget that morning when the spies of the house of York, that's got upon the throne, surrounded him for being an old friend to the Lancasters. Egad he laid about him like a lion, and with his broadsword, whack he comes me one over the sconce. Pat he goes me another over the cheek—and after putting 'em all out of breath, about he wheels his horse, and we have never seen nor heard of him since.

*Adel.* And from that day to this I have in vain cherish'd hopes of his return—fearful, no doubt, of being surpris'd, he keeps conceal'd; thus is he torn from me—torn from his children—from tender blossoms too weak to be expos'd to the rude tempests of the times, and leaves their innocence unsheltered.

*Greg.* Yes, and mine among the rest—But what is it you mean to do, Madam?

*Adel.* To seek him in the camp—the Lancasters again are making head here in the north. If he has had an opportunity of joining them, 't is more than probable he is in their army—neither will we, and for this purpose have I doff'd my woman's habit—leaving my house to the care of a trusty friend—and thus accoutred have led you Gregory, the faithful follower of my sorrows, a weary Journey half over England.

*Grego.*

*Greg.* Weary, oh dear—no, not, at all—I could turn about again directly, and walk back brisker by half than I came.

*Adel.* What, man! afraid? Come, come, we run but little risque—example too all animate us—the very air of the camp, Gregory, will brace your courage to the true martial pitch.

*Greg.* That may be, Madam; and yet for a bracing air, people are apt to die in it sooner than in any other place.

*Adel.* Pshaw, prithee, man, put but a confident look on the matter, and we shall do I warrant—A bluff and blustering outside often conceals a chicken heart—mine aches I'm sure, but I'll hide my grief under the veil of airy carelessness—Down, sorrows, I'll be all bustle like the occasion.—Come Gregory, now I must be the petulant *military* stripping—Mark your mistress, man, and learn—see how she'll play the part of a young soldier.

## S O N G.

*Adeline.*

*THE mincing step, the woman's air,*

*The tender sigh, a softer note,*

*Poor Adeline must now forswear,*

*Nor think upon the petticoat.*

*Exit.*

*Greg.* Well, if I must go, I must; I can't help following my Adeline—affection has led many a bolder man by the nose than I;—I wonder though how your bold fellows find themselves just before they are going to fight; I wonder if they have an uncomfortable sort of sticking in the throat, and a queer kind of a cold tickling in some part of the flesh. Oh, Gregory Gregory Gubbins! your peaceable qualities will never do in a camp—I never could bare gunpowder since I got fuddled at the fair, and the boys ty'd crackers under Dobbin's tail in the market-place.

*SONG,*

*Drum.* Pshaw, it can't be.

*Corp.* See there now, just as I expected, after all I have imparted merely for your pleasure and satisfaction---not a man among ye has the gratitude to say---thank'ye, thank'ye corporal, for your kind information.

*Drum.* But is the enemy at hand?

*Corp.* No matter---mum---only when the business is over with you, and you are all stiff in the field---do me the credit to say, I was the first that told you it would happen, I Alexander Puff, corporal to king Henry the sixth, heavens bless him! in his majesty's camp at Hexham, in Northumberland.

*Fife.* Well, tho' they do muster strong, we may make Edward's party skip, if we have but justice on our side.

*Corp.* Well said, Mr. Wiseacre---justice, no, no, might overcome right now-a-days, bully rebellion has almost frightened puny justice out of her wits, and when she ventures to weigh causes, her hand trembles so, that half the merits tumble out of the scale.

*Fife.* But still I say.

*Corp.* Say, say no more, but take care of yourself in the battle: that's all, s'blood if the enemy were to find your little taper dry carcase pink full of round holes, they'd mistake you for your own life---but remember this, mylads, Edward of York has again thro' d king Henry from his possessions, and squatted his own usurping beggarly galligaskins in the clean seat of sovereignty. Here are we, brave fellows of Hexham, come to place him on the stool of repentance---and, there's our king at the head of us---and there's his noble consort, the sword and buckler, Queen Margaret---and there's the Lord Seneschal of Normandy---and the Lord Duke of Somerset and the lord knows who. The enemy are at hand with a thumping power---So up courage and to loggerheads we go for it.---Huzza for the red rose and the house of Lancaster.

*Soldiers.* Huzza! huzza! huzz!

SONG.



*Drum.*

**MY** tight fellow-soldiers prepare for your foes,  
 Fight away for the cause of the jolly red rose;  
 Newer flinch while you live, shou'd you meet with your  
 death,  
 There's no fear that you'll run, you'll be quite out of  
 breath.

Then be true to your colours the Lancasters chose,  
 And the laurel entwine with the jolly read rose

He who follows for honour the drum or the fife  
 May perhaps have the luck to get honour for life,  
 And he who for money makes fighting his trade,  
 Let him now face the foe, he'll be handsomely paid.

*Chorus.*---Then be true, &c.

Tho' bullets like hail-stones shou'd whiz round our ears,  
 Each man must push on when his orders he hears;  
 March will soon be the word, he who stops is in fault,  
 When the battle is o'er, you'll all of ye halt.

*Chorus.*---Then be true, &c.

The fight fairly done, my brave boys of the blade,  
 How we'll talk o'er our cups of the harveck we've made,  
 How we'll talk if we once kill a captain or two.  
 Or a hundred brave fellows whom nobody knew.

*Chorus.*---Then be true, &c. [ *Excunt.* ]

SCENE—Queen Margaret's Tent.

*Enter Fool, singing.*

A learned sage in days of yore, a choice example set us,  
 Whate'er was right or wrong before,  
 What'er might teize or fret us,  
 His pliant temper turns at will, self ease his only passion,  
 He'd preach, or save, or fight, or kill,  
 Just as it was the fashion,

Then hey for the red rose, the bonny, bonny red rose,  
 The sweetest rose that summer blows,  
 Is the sweet bonny red rose.

*So*

So when the enemy, smoaking hot,  
 With war and blood comes reeking,  
 With head in brazen skillet got,  
 You tremble while he's speaking.  
 With wounds and fire, you crouching cur,  
 On which side do you battle?  
 On yours, my white rose, worthy sir,  
 We'll slay both men and cattle.  
 Then hey for the white rose, the bonny, bonny, white rose  
 'Twas ne'er denied, the garden's pride,  
 Is still the bonny white rose.

Shou'd roses white and red decay,  
 And lillies live the longest,  
 Or drooping tulips force their way,  
 Tom fool shall join the strongest.  
 As taylor's still must strive to live,  
 Were doublets out of fashion,  
 And collars high and monstrous craws,  
 Become a reigning passion.

Then hey for the red rose, or, the bonny white rose,  
 Or any rose that saves from blows,  
 Tom Fool is for the right rose.

Queen Margaret has shalter'd me from the peltings  
 of fortune this many a year --and now the pelting has  
 damaged my shelter---but still I stick to it---and more  
 simpleton I, to stand like a thin clad booby in a hard  
 shower under an unroof'd pent house. Truly for a  
 fool of experience I have but little wisdom. and yet a  
 camp suits well with my humour---take away the  
 fighting---the sleeping in a field---the bad fare---the  
 long marches and the short pay, and a soldier is a rare  
 merry life! Here come two more musterers; troth  
 we have need of'em, for considering the goodness of  
 the cause, they drop in as sparingly as mites in a poor  
 box.

(Retires up.)

Enter Adeline and Gregory.

Adel. Tremble not now Gregory for your life!

Greg. Lord, Ma'am, that's the only thing I do!  
 tremble

tremble for---If I had as many lives as a cat, I must borrow a tenth, I fancy, to carry me out of this place.

*Adel.* Pooh, prithee, we are here among friends; did not you mark the courtesy of the centinels, who upon signifying our intentions, bid us pass on till we should find a leader to whom we might tender our services.

*Greg.* (*Pointing to the fool*) Oh, and there he is, I suppose; mercy on us, he's a terrible looking fellow! ---His coat has been so pepper'd with musket shot in the wars, that it is patch'd from the very top to the bottom.

*Adel.* Tut, tut, man, your fears have made you blind. This motley gentleman's occupation has nothing terrible in't, I'll answer for it---we'll accost him ---How now fellow?

*Fool.* How now, Fool.

*Adel.* What, sirrah, call you me fool?

*Fool.* Faith, may I sir, when you call me fellow, hail to ye sir---ye are very well met, nay you need not be ashamed of me for a companion. Simple though I seem we fools come of a great family, with a number of rich relations.

*Adel.* Why do you follow the camps, fool?

*Fool.* For the same reason that a blind beggar follows his dog. Though it may lead me where my neck may be broke, I can't get on in the world without it. You, sir I take it, are come like me to shoot at the enemy.

*Adel.* I come partly indeed, among other purposes, to offer my weak aid to the camp.

*Fool.* Your weakness, sir, acts marvellous wisely, you'll be the clean shav'd Nestor of the regiment.

*Adel.* If I could find your leader, I would vouch too for the integrity of this my follower, to be received into the ranks.

*Greg.* Oh no, you need not put yourself to the trouble of vouching for me.

*Fool.* Right, for your knave when great folks have

have occasion for him, is received with little enquiry into his character—marry let an honest man lack their assistance—and starving stares him in the face for want of a recommendation.

*Adel.* Lead us to your general, and you shall be well remember'd by me.

*Fool.* Why as to a general, I can stand you in little stead, but if such a simple thing as a queen can content ye, I am your only man—for being a proper fellow and a huge tickler up of a lady's fancy—I may chance to push your fortune as far as another—truly you fell into good hands when you stumbl'd on me—I am one of the fools that have interest at court. (*Flourish*) Stand back, here comes royalty.

*Enter Queen, Somerset, La Varenne, and Soldiers from the Tent.*

*Somer.* Here if it please you, madam, we'll debate—our tended councils but disturb the king, and break his pious meditations,

*Queen.* True Somerset, for some there are that idly stretch'd upon the bank of life, sleep till the stream runs dry—is't not vexatious that frolic nature, as it were in mockery, should in the rough and lusty mould of manhood incrust a feeble mind? Activity; quick jealousy of honour; emulation are man's imperial attributes! A monarch towering in royal strength, like Jove's proud eagle, should boast such bold and lofty flights of spirit—that while he soars, the o'erstrained strings of vision shall crack with gazing. Heaven and earth—it mads me to witness this supineness! Well on *me* must rest the load of of war. Assist me then ye powers of just revenge—fix deep the memory of injured majesty—heat my glowing fancy, with all the glittering pride of high dominion, that when we meet the traitors who usurp'd it, my breast shall swell with manly indignation, and spur me on to enterprize.

*La. Var.* Oh happy the knight who wields his sword for such mistress! I cannot but be proud—when late in Normandy your grace demanded succour of Battle of Hexham.]

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my countrymen, and beauty in distress shone like the sun piercing a summer's cloud : I said well, our French blood (ever prone to mount) danced in our veins, with more than common lightness. Then was I the honour'd cavalier—a royal lady chose from the flowers of our nobility—to right her cause and punish her oppressions.

*Queen.* Thanks, La Varenne, our cause is bound to you, and my particular bond of obligation is stamp'd with the warm zeal of gratitude. Your's is a high and gallant spirit, lord ! impatient of inaction, even in peace it manifests its owner. For I found you in France (that nurse of courtesey) our sex's foremost champion in the tournament, bearing away the prize, that you might lay't at some fair lady's feet. Thus in rehearsal—training the martial mind to feats of chivalry, that when occasion calls for real service, it ever was found ready—witness the troops you led to action—say lords, think you not, that these our hot bred Normans, mingled with our hardy Scottish friends, (like fire in flint) will, when the iron hand of battle strikes—produce such hot and vival sparks of valour—that the pale House of York—aghast with fear, shall perish in the flame it rashly kindled.

*Somer.* Madam our hopes are high as your's, when royal beauty, joined to royal courage, smiles in our camp and animates our soldiers, we may hope every thing—the troops look chearily and promise us success.

*La. Var.* No doubt, no doubt—wou'd that the foe were come when our bright swords shall end the contest—since I pledg'd myself to fight this cause—delay's as irksome to me as to the mettled boy, contracted to the nymph he burns for—when cold blooded age procrastinates the marriage for ceremony.

*Queen.* The time's at hand my lord, the enemy hearing of succours daily flocking to us, is marching, as I hear towards our camp ; therefore good Seneschal, look to our troops—keep all our men in readiness—ride throughout the ranks and cheer the soldiery.

Come

Come bustle, bustle ; how now sirrah, how came you here (*to the Fool.*)

*Fool.* Willy, nilly, madam, as the thief came to the gallows—as I am a modest guest here, madam, with a poor stomach for fighting, and need a deal of pressing before I fall too. When providence made plumbers, it did very wisely to leave me out of the number, for heaven knows I take but little delight in lead ; but here are two who comes to traffic in that commodity.

*Queen.* How mean you sir,—what are these men ?

*Fool.* Swelling spirits, madam, with shrunk fortunes—as I take it—as painful to the owners as gouty legs in a tight boot ; but if a man's word is not to be taken in the world, he's forc'd to come to blows to keep up a reputation. Poverty without spirit, lets in the frost upon him—worse than a crazy portal at Christmas. So here are a couple of warp'd doors in the foul weather of adversity, madam, who want to be lifted.

*Queen.* I never saw a youth of better promise—but ay, young man—serve you here willingly in these our wars.

*Adel.* Yes, madam, if it please you, and if my youth, should lack ability, I do beseech you let my honest will atone for its defects—yet I will say, and yet I would not boast, that a weak boy may shew you he is zealous for your service. For tho' but green in years, alas, misfortunes have so sorely wrung my heart, and proud mind—I blush e'er while I speak it—must know what 'ts to suffer o'er its thoughtless breast, callous in happiness—can warm with feeling for others in distress.

*Queen.* Poor youth, I pity thee, and yet for thy willingness, which I esteem, in friendly working, more than if thou brought the strength of Hercules to nerve our battle. Should the just heavens smile on our endeavours, I will not (trust me, my youth) forget thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Queen.* Now the news.

*Messen.* The enemy approaches madam, on the next hill—but a short mile from hence—their colours wave.

*La. Var.* Now then for the issue.

*Queen.* Hah, so near, who is it leads their power?

*Mess.* The Marquis of Montague, so please your majesty.

*Queen.* Then he shall find us ready. Now, my lords, remember half our hopes rest on this onset. Some one prepare the king. (*Exit Soldiers up stage.*) If on the border of England—here we cut but boldly thro' the troops opposal, to interrupt our passage, the after-work is easy; where's my young son? Then like a rolling flood that once has broke its mound, we'll pour upon the affrighted country—sweeping all before us, in awful heaviness of power, till we have penetrated even to the very heart on't. Go bring the Prince of Wales—now gallant soldiers fight lustily to-day, and all the rest is sport and holidays.

*Enter a Soldier, with the Prince, from the Tent.*

Oh my son, oh my boy, come to thy mother's bosom—heaven, who sees the anxious working of a parent's heart, knows what I feel for thee—alas, it grieves me fore to have thee here, my child; the rough unkindly blasts of ruthless war suit not thy tender years.

*Prince.* Why, mother—must I not be a foldier, and 'tis time I should begin my exercise; bye and bye, 'twill be too late to learn; and yet I wish I was bigger now, for your sake, mother.

*Queen.* Why boy?

*Prince.* Oh you know well enough, for all your asking—do you think if I were strong enough to fight I'd let these raw-boned fellows plague you so.

*Queen.* My sweet brave boy—come lords and gentlemen, let us go chearfully to work. If woman, in whose weak yielding breast nature puts forth her  
softest

softest composition, can shake off her idle fears, what may not you perform; and you shall see me now (steeled by the occasion) so far unsex myself, that tho' grim death, breaking the pale of time, shall stride the field with slaughterous step, and prematurely plunge his dart in vigorous bosoms, till the earth is purple dy'd in gore—still will I stand, fixed as the oak when the tempest sweeps the forest; but still one woman's fear—one touch of nature, tugs at my heart strings—'tis for thee my child—oh! may the white-robd angel, that watches over baby innocence, hear a fond mother's prayer, and in the battle's heat---cast his protecting mantle round *thee*! On away. [*Exit*.]

*Manet Gregory.*

I shall never know how to set about the business I am put upon; of all the sports of the field---I never went a man-shooting before in all my life! and yet when the lady with the brass basin on her head begins to talk big, there's a warm glow about one---that egad I begin to think is courage; for I don't know how to describe it, and never felt any thing like it before. (*Trumpet sounds.*) Zounds! no it an't---if it is my courage is of a plaguey hot nature, for the very sound of a battle has thrown me into a perspiration. Oh my poor mistress---man I wish we were at home, and I was comfortably laid up in our damp garret, with a fine twinging fit of the rheumatism. (*Trumpet sounds.*) Mercy on us, here's a whole posse too---coming the other way---I'm in for't---but if there is such a thing as the protecting mantle, she talk'd of---I hope it is a pure large one---that there may be room enough to lap up me and my poor mistress in the tail of it. [*Exit*]

SCENE---*The field---Alarms.*

*Enter La Varenne, follow'd by Fool.*

*La. Var.* Death and shame? are these the rough and hardy northern men, that were to back my Nor-  
B 3
mans.



mans. Why they flew like skimming shadows o'er a mountain's side---clashed by the sun.

*Fool.* True, the heat of the battle's too strong for cold constitutions.

*La Var.* (*gives a ring.*) Here sirrah take this token to the king, go with your utmost speed---entreat him quickly to bring his forces in reserve. This one effort restores or kills our hopes---yet I'll fight all out---I'll shake these pillows of the white-rose-house, till the whole building totters---tho' its fall should crush me in the ruins. [Exit.

*Fool.* Well said Sampson, that's a bold fellow and I am of his side---red roses for ever. [Exit.

*Enter a Soldier of the white rose.*

*Sold.* Now fellow speak---tell me who you fight for

*Fool.* Marry will I, willingly---pray can't tell me who has the best of the battle?

*Sold.* The white rose to be sure---we are the strongest.

*Fool.* Thank'y friend--pass on--I am on your side. (*Exit Soldier.*) A low clown now might stagger at this shifting; but your true court bred fool always cuts the cloth of his conscience to the fashion of the times. [Exit.

*Enter Adeline and Gregory, lastly.*

*Greg.* Run, run, madam, follow a blockhead's advice, and run, or it's all over with us.

*Adel.* Whither shall I fly? Fatigues and despair, so wear and press me, I scarce know what course to take.

*Greg.* Take to your legs, madam, get on now, or we shall never be able to get off---come my dear good lady Adeline---lord, lord---only see what little resolution some people have, that they won't run away when there's danger. (*Shout.*) Ah, plague of your shouting, since they must make soldiers of us---the light troops against the field, I say.

*Exit---helping off Adeline.*

*Alarm---shout---and retreat sounded.*

*Enter Marquis of Montague, Warwick, and all the white rose party, at the top, in procession.*

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Chearily, my valient friends, the field is ours  
---the scattered roses of the Lancasters now deeper  
tinted, blush a double red in shame of this defeat---  
oh this will much rejoice king Edward---say has any  
friend made Henry sure.

*War.* He has escap'd alone, my lord; and Margaret, who with her little son, went hand in hand hovering about the field, with auxious hope, even to the very last!---When she perceived her lines broke thro'---her troops almost disperfed, she hung upon her boy, in silent anguish, till the big tears drop'd on his lilly neck---then kissing him, as by a sudden impulse, which mothers feel---she snatched him to her heart, and flew with her young treasure in her arms. And nature so spoke in't, that our very foldiers were softened at the scene, and dulled with pity---grew weak in pursuit.

*Mar.* Well, let 'em go, their cause is now become so weak and sickly, that tho' the head exists to plot fresh mischiefs---they will want fresh limbs to execute. Their house once strong and mighty, must like a palsied Hercules, lament that now it has outliv'd its powers; mean time as we return in pride of conquest, let us impress the minds of Englishmen with new won glories of the House of York. Strike drum---sound trumpet. Let the air be rent with high and martial songs of victory.

#### FINALE AND CHORUS.

*Strike, the god of conquests sheds  
His choicest laurels on our heads;  
Mars, with fury darting eye,  
Smooths his brow and stalks before us;  
Leading our triumphant chorus,  
Hand in hand with victory;  
And hark the thundering drum,  
And fife's shrill tone,  
With brazen trumpets clang;  
Proclaim the day our own.*

CHORUS,

## C H O R U S.

*Dread Bellona, proud to sing,  
 Fears that gain a doubtless name  
 Bids bright fame on joyous wing,  
 Spread around the glorious theme.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## A C T II.

## S C E N E---A Cave.

*Twelve Robbers discovered drinking and carousing.*

## G L E E.

*When Arthur first at court began  
 To wear long hanging sleeves,  
 He entertain'd the serving men,  
 And all of them were thieves.  
 The first he was an Irishman,  
 The second was a Scot,  
 The third he was a Welchman,  
 And all of them were thieves.  
 The Irishman loved usquebaugh,  
 The Scot loved ale called blew oy,  
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,  
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap  
 Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,  
 The Scot was drown'd in ale,  
 The Welchman had like to be chok'd with a mouse.  
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.*

*1st Rob.* Sung like true and noble boys of plunder!  
 Isn't this free booting spirit better than leading a  
 cowardly life of musty regularity? Honesty is a scarce  
 and tender commodity, that perishes almost as soon as  
 it appears---the rich man is not known to have it,  
 for fortune has never put him to the test, and the poor  
 blockhead that boasts on't dies for hunger in proving it.

*2d Rob.* Right: It is but a fever in the blood that  
 soon kills the patient if it is not expelled; I had the  
 fever once,

*2d Rob.*

3d Rob. And what was your cure for it?

2d Rob. Starving; ever while you live starve your fever, when honesty's the case, only call in poverty as physician, and the disease soon yields to his prescription.

1st Rob. Pshaw! Plague on your physic---an't we taking our wine in the full vigour of roguery---this it is---(*holding the bottle*)---that determines your poor knaves to knock down the rich fools in the forest---just as it gives rich fools spirits to sally forth and break poor knaves heads in the town.---Come, as I'm a lieutenant, and our captain's prowling, let's to business---read over the lists of our yesterday's booties.

3d Rob. Agreed; but first, one more round, one health, one general health, and then we'll to it.

1st Rob. Here it is then; here's a short, little, snug, general health that fits most humours---it suits your soldier, your tithe-parson, your lawyer, your politician, just as well as your robber.

All. Now for it!

1st Rob. Plunder! (*drinks.*)

All. Plunder! (*drink.*)

1st Rob. And now for the list.

2d Rob. (*Reads.*) "Hexham Forest, May 14, 1462. Taken from a single lady on a bad nag, eleven pounds four groats, and a portmanteau."---"She seemed marvelously frightened, and whispered thanks privately for her delivery."

1st Rob. No uncommon case--she is not the first single lady who has been delivered, and whisper'd thanks for it in private.

2d Rob. From a Scotch laird, on his way from London to Inverness, by Phillip Thunder, in gloves---the whole provision for his journey, viz. one crack'd angel, and two sticks of brimstone.

1st Rob. Who has his horse?

2d Rob. No one, he travelled on feet. "From a pair of justices of the peace, a foundered mare, a blind gelding, two doublets, and a hundred marks in gold---they were tied back to back." 1st Rob.

1st Rob. Good, it is but right, that they who bind over so many shou'd at last be bound over themselves; and a wise thief is ever bound in justice to put a foolish justice in binding.

2d Rob. "Back to ba k and hoodwink'd"---they were left lamenting their hard fate in the forest.

1st Rob. Lament! Oh villains! to be in the commission of the peace, and not know that justice should always be blind! Are there any more?

2d Rob. Only a fat friar, who was half plunder'd, and sav'd himself by flight.

1st Rob. The better fortune his---few fat friars, I fear, will have the luck to be *sav'd*--What did he yield?

2d Rob. "The rope from his middle---a bottle of sack from his bosom---and a link of hog's puddings pull'd out of his left sleeve."

1st Rob. God a mercy Friar! for the sack and sausages, they shall be shar'd merrily among us-- and for the rope---come---we won't think of that now. (*A bugle horn sounds*), Hark! there's our captain's horn! faith, for one who I suspect is married, he chuses an odd signal of approach.

2d Rob. Why tho' he may be married, he's no milkfop! and I warrant him when he's on duty, and robbing among us, he quite forgets his wife, as an honest man shou'd do.--He has join'd us but a short time, yet egad he heads us nobly---he'll pluck ye a thousand crowns from a rich fellow's pocket with one hand, and throw his share of 'em into a hungry beggar's hat with the other.

*Enter Gondibert.*

(*All rise.*) Hail noble captain!

Gond. How now, my bold and rugged companions What has been done in my absence?

1st Rob. Oh, Sir, a deal of business---We have been washing down old scores, and getting vigour for new---we have had a cup for every breach of the law we have committed---Marry, Sir, ours is a rare cellar to stand such a soaking.

*Gond.*



*Gond.* Now then to a business of greater import.--- I have been lurking about the camphere in the skirts of the forest --the parties met and a hot battle ensued. It was a long time fought with such stubborn courage, that as I stood observing it, the spirit of war, pent up within me, had well nigh burst my breast---twenty times I was on the point of breaking from my shelter and joining combat, but I am pledg'd to you, my fellows---that thought restrain'd me.

*2d Rob.* Oh, noble captain! but who has conquer'd?

*Gond.* Aye, there it is---s'death and fury! my blood boiled to see it---the dull upstart rascals cut thro' the ranks as if---Oh, plague on their well-feeding!---we had carried it else---all the world to nothing.

*2d Rob.* We! why, what is it to us, who has got the day---do but tell us who?

*Gond.* I had forgot---The Lancasters are defeated, their soldiers routed, and many of their leaders dispers'd about the country. Some no doubt are in the forest ---usurping war never glutted on a richer banquet.

*1st Rob.* Why it seems to have been a pretty feast ---and the best on't is,---now it's over,---we shall come in for the picking of the bones.

*Gond.* It may be so; you all, I know, will expect a rich booty, and those whom we shall meet, will probably, from the unsettled nature of the times bear their whole wealth about their persons; but they are brave and have been oppress'd- -disappointment therefore, and their situation may cause'em to fight in their defence like heroes.

*2d Rob.* Nay, an' they fight like devils, they'll find we can match 'em in courage. Put me to any proof you please, and they shall soon find me a man.

*Gond.* Then prove it, friend, by pity for the unfortunate---believe me, comrades, he has little better to boast than a brute, who cannot temper his courage with feeling---And now, as our expedition is at hand, let each of you observe my orders.---if there be any whose appearance denotes a more than common birth,

treat

him with due respect, and conduct him to my cave—as to the plunder, our wild life obliges us to exact from the way-worn passenger; on this occasion, prithee good comrades, take sparingly, and use your prisoners generously.

4th Rob. 'Sblood! this captain of ours, had better take to the pulpit than the road—if he must preach so plaguily about generosity, he might at least pay for it out of his own pocket.

Gond. Who's he that dares to mutter? Come forth thou wretch, thus do I punish mutiny and presumption (*pulls him down and holds his sword over him.*)

4th Rob. Mercy, good captain, mercy!

Gond. Well take it—tho' thou deserv'st none, and learn from this, thou poor base reptile, how to shew mercy on others, whom fortune places in thy power.—Now friends, all to your posts—I shall go forth alone—you have your orders and I know you'll obey 'em strictly—the night steals on apace, and the angry clouds threatening a storm, add to the awful gloom of the forest—away boys, and be steady.

1st. Rob. As rocks, captain—come bullies, all to your duties, keep your ears and lose your tongues—listen in silence for the tread of a passenger; and when he's near enough, spring upon him like so many cats at a mouse-hole.

C A T C H.

*Lurk, lurk o'er the green sward,  
Mum, mum, mum, let us be;  
Lurk and mum's the word for you and me,  
Through the brake, thro' the wood,  
Proul, proul around  
We watch their footsteps,  
With ears to the ground.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Gond. Here is another moment snatch'd! a short one to commune with myself—yet why should I think! why court consuming sorrow to my bosom! which like the nursing pelican, drinks the blood of its fond cherisher

cherisher—why rather should not turbulence of action, shake off the tax of tyrannous remembrance? 'Tis not the mere and actual suffering that bends the noble spirit to the earth, and cracks the proud heart's chain—the prisoner whose feverish limbs for many a long, long year, no summer breeze has fanned, might still be patient, did not remembrance, y. k'd with curs'd compassion, enter his dungeon walls, and conjure up the shadow of past joys; then thought on thought, like molten lead, runs thro' the wretch's brain, and burning fancy mads him! Remembrance hence! how baneful art thou to me, when this course must be thy antidote; I'll thro' the forest and seek these wanderers: fell necessity, and the rude band that I am link'd to, demand that I should prey on them—yet still my heart leans to'em, tho' their fatal cause has shorn me to the quick—for them I fled my home—my dear lov'd—Oh peace, Gondibert; touch not that string—if I must think, I'll think that heaven will one day smile. [Exit.

SCENE—*A cut Wood.*

*Enter Adeline and Gregory.*

*Greg.* Gently, good madam, gently for the love of corns, where is it you mean to go to?

*Adel.* Even where chance shall carry us, Gregory.

*Greg.* Faith, madam, and if chance would carry us, it would be doing us a great favour, for we have walk'd far enough in all conscience—

*Adel.* Then here my good fellow, we must rest ourselves.

*Greg.* Here! what in the wood, and night coming on!

*Adel.* Good faith even here! for necessity demands it; we must pass the night, and in the morning the ringdove cooing to its mate, will wake us to our labour—this is a retreat, were but the mind at ease,—a king might well repose in.

*Greg.* It must be king Nebuchadnezzar then—if we havn't some of his grass-eating qualities, we shall  
[*Battle of Hexham.*] C find

find ourselves bad off for a supper—'tis ten to one too but we may wander here for a week, without finding our way out again.

*Adel.* Oh this world, this world! I'm weary on't—wou'd I had been some villager—'twere well now to be a shepherd's boy--he has no cares, but while his sheep brouze on the mountain's side, with vacant mind, happy in ignorance, he sinks to sleep, o'ercanopied with heaven, and makes the turf his pillow,

*Greg.* Yes, but he has plaguey damp sheets for all that—I'd exchange all the turf and sky in the country, for a good barn and blanket, and as for the cooing doves, I wou'd not give a crack'd tester, for a forest full of 'm, unless I cou'd see some of their claws stuck up thro' the holes of a brown pie-crust.

*Adel.* Fie, Gregory! prithee be content. think that we are happy in this forest, in having thus escap'd the enemy's fire, and be grateful in the change.

*Greg.* Why, we are out of the fire to be sure; but make the best we can on't, we are still in the frying-pan—and starving is one of those blessings, for which people are not very apt to be thankful—but we have escap'd a killing—so I'll e'en be content 'as long as there's comfort in companion—I stumbled over a fat trumpeter in the field, stript and plunder'd, with his skin full of bullets—well, I'm thankful yet—mine's a marvellous happy lot to be better than a dead trumpeter.

*Adel.* Truce now, Gregory, and consider how we can best dispose of ourselves till morning.

*Greg.* Nay, there's no need for much consideration, there's little distinction of apartments here, madam—we shall both sleep on the ground floor, and our lodgings will be pure and airy, I warrant 'em.

*Adel.* Peace, fool! nor let thy grosser mind, half fears, half levity, thus trifle with my feelings—I have borne me up against affliction, 'till my overcharg'd bosom can contain no longer—(*weeps.*)

*Greg.* Oh the father! look if my poor dear lady be not a weeping—why, madam—lady Adeline—dear ma-  
dam

dam—I'm but a fool, as you say, but I'm as honest and as faithful as the greatest knave of 'em all—hav'nt I sigh'd, fasted, fought, and run away to shew you I'd stand by you to the last? and hav'nt I——

*Adel.* Prithee, no more, Gregory, bear with my poor honest—bear with my pettishness—for now and then the tongue of disappointment well needs let fall some of the acid drops which misery sprinkles the heart withal.

*Greg.* Now, must I play the comforter--why, lord, madam, I think when a body comes to be used to it a little, this forest must be a sweet, dingy, retired, gloomy, pleasant sort of a place—besides, what's one night—sleeping wears it out—and I'll warrant we'll find such snug delicious beds of dry leaves---(*it rains hard*) s'bud, no, I lie---it rains like all the dogs and cats in the kingdom; there won't be a dry twig left large enough to shelter a cock-chaffer, we shall both be lopp'd like two toasts in a tankard.

*Adel.* Why, why shou'd fortune sport with a weak woman! why, fickle goddess! wanton as boys who, in giddy cruelty, torture a silly fly before they kill it.

*Greg.* Faith, ma'am, for that matter, I am but a blue-bottle of tortue's myself---and tho' sorrow's dry, as they say, this is a sort of soaking that Care does not care to be moisten'd with---if it wou'd rain good barrels of a e now, sorrow wou'd not so much mind being out in the storm. (*thunders*) No, sorrow wou'd be disappointed there too---this rumbling is enough to flatten the finest beer shower, a man wou'd chuse to take a wet in.—Lord---lord, ma'am, do let's get out on't, if there is a hollow tree to be found (*thunders.*)

*Adel.* The thunder rolls awful on the ear, and strikes the soul with terror! while the blue light'ning darts thro' the thickest gloom and discovers to the traveller's aching sight the mazes he must tread---the plunderer too, catching the sulphureous flash, explores his wretched prey and stalks to midnight murder.

*Greg.* Mercy on us, madam! don't talk of that---



now, I think on't, if we were to pick and chuse for a twelve-month, we cou'd n't have pitched upon a more convenient place to be knocked down in.—Shelter, dear, madam, shelter.

*Adel.* Is it thus you stand by ma, Gregory? You, who as you say, have fought for me; since your practice in battle, man, I thought you had found valour enough.

*(The robbers appear behind thro' the trees, and advance during Gregory's speech)*

*Greg.* Exactly enough, but not a morsel to spare ---so we'll 'en look out for a place of safety--- not that I'm afraid tho'---stand by you! Egad, if half a dozen now of stout raw-ban'd fellows were to dare to molest you, I'd make no more of whipping this dagger thro' their dirty lungs, than I-----

*1st Rob.* Stand!

*Greg.* Oh, mercy! I'm as dead a man as ever I was in my life!

*Adel.* Heavens! where will my misery end? Speak friends! what would you have!

*1st Rob.* What you have.

*Adel.* If 'tis our lives you seek, they are so care-worn, that in resigning them, we part with that which scarce is worth the keeping.

*Greg.* 'Tis very true indeed --pray don't take 'em gentlemen, they'll do you no kind of good.

*2d Rob.* Peace?

*1st Rob.* Marry, a well favour'd boy! say youth, whence came you and whither bound?

*Adel.* I scarce know whither, but I came far inland, sent by my father to the wars, his sword the sole inheritance his age can leave me.—This was a faithful servant of our cottage, who in simple love has follow'd me.

*1st Rob.* Well youth, be of good cheer---He who has little, has little to lose: and a soldier's pocket is foldom the lighter for emptying. Come, you must go both with us---bring 'em to our captain's cave.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* Oh, lud! oh, lud! dear good, sweet fac'd gentlemen!

*2d Rob.* Peace, dolt and fear not; our captain's honourable!

*Greg.* Nay, that he must be, by his company—but sweet civil honest gentlemen—Oh, confound these under ground apartments! We shall never get our of 'm alive! Lord! lord; how hard it is upon a man to be forc'd to walk to his own burying.

[ *Exit hurried off.* ]

SCENE—*Another Grove—(Moonlight)*

*Enter Queen and Prince.*

*Queen.* Why, that's will done, my boy—so cheerly! cheerly! see too, the angry storm's subsided; what thou canst now be aweary, Ned?

*Prince.* Sooth now, my legs ach sadly---my heart is light and fresh tho', and mocks my legs for aching.--- I wou'd I had your legs, and you my heart---your heart fear me, mother is heavier far than mine.

*Queen.* Dost think so, Ned?

*Prince.* Aye, and I know so too; for I am in it.

*Queen.* My dear wrong'd child!

*Prince.* Prithee now, mother, don't grieve for me, I warrant I shall live to be a king yet.

*Queen.* Alas, poor monkey! thou has little cause to be in love with greatness---thou hast felt its miseries full early.

*Prince.* Why then you know I've all its good to come.

*Queen.* Heaven grant it boy---for thou dost promise nobly---this forest will secure us from the hatred of our enemies? here till the rage of war has ceas'd around us, I will watch o'er thee, Ned; here guard thy life---the hope, the care, the joy of mine! and when thy harra's'd limbs have gain'd their pliancy, we will resume our task; for I must lead thee a painful walk a cross Northumberland, as far as Berwick. boy! when we may meet our scattered Scottish friends - What say'st thou Ned, should'st thou go to see thy father?

*Prince.* Ay, Mother---and tho' we know he has escap'd the traitors, were we but sure to find him there, I would set out directly.

*Queen.* Rest a day or two; for had'st thou strength, the danger that surrounds prevents our venturing--- Come---on a little--- we will go search some moss-grown cavern out, and there thou shalt repose thee, sweet---(*Gondibert appears*)---Come, boy, take my hand.

*Gond.* (*advancing with his sword drawn.*) Advance on further.

*Queen.* Ha! who art thou, that com'st with murderous look, here in the dusky bosom of the wood, to intercept our passage?

*Gond.* One of those, who, stripp'd of all by an oppressing world, now make reprisals; if my looks are dark, they best explain my purpose.

*Prince.* Fly, fly mother, the villain, else, will kill us.

*Queen.* Let us pass---thou know'st us not---else would there so much terror still strike thee of our person, that---no matter---what cause hast thou to stay me?

*Gond.* By wanting an oath sworn to my fellows---disappointment---despair;---I came not here to parly, lady---quickly yield up what you have, or go where I command.

*Queen.* Command! base slave! reduc'd to this! ---Command from thee thou worm!---(*passes him.*)

*Gond.* Nay, nay, you fly not.---(*seizes the Prince.*)

*Queen.* O Heaven! my boy! strike not on thy allegiance! Save him, I charge thee, fellow---save my son, the son of thy anointed king.

*Gond.* My king! (*drops the sword.*)

*Queen.* Aye, look and tremble slave.

*Gond.* I do indeed---and though my sword has never been unsheathed, since fate has link' me to a lawless band, but to intimidate, not harm the passenger; I rather would have plung'd its naked point into mine own bosom, than to have rais'd it thus---

I do

I do beseech your pardon; and if aught wherein I may be capable of service, can make atonement, you shall find me ready, be't at what blind and perilous risk soever; for I have heard the fate of this day's battle; and should a guide, whose dark and haggard fortune wraps him in humble seeming, be thought worthy in this the time's extremity, to direct your wandering steps, my zeal shall prove itself warm and unshaken, Madam.

*Queen.* Thou mak'st amends; and the strong tide of evils rushing in with rapid force upon us, well might urge us, like sinking men, to grasp at idle shows t'accept thy service—yet thou may'st be false and lead my boy to his destruction——Say—what sureties fellow have I of thy truth?

*Gond.* Think on the awe inspiring air that marks a royal brow, and make the traitorous soul shrink at its own suggestion; and when care with envious weight invades the diadem, to aim an injury there—'twere monstrous baseness! Oh long and ever, ever be there seen a heaven gifted chain round majesty, to draw confusion on the wretch who, watching a transient cloud, that dims its lustre, dares think on his sovereign with irreverence.—But more to bind me, Madam, to give you confidence—know, I have been your soldier, and have fought in this proud cause—some haply may remember me, when fortune's sunshine smil'd upon it.

*Queen.* And now—for greatness ever has its summer friends, who, at the fall and winter of its glory, fly off like swallows—thou'lt betray me.

*Gond.* Never—Wrong me not in your thoughts, I beseech you, Madam—for I will serve you truly—truly guard your royal son; he is but half a subject who, in the zeal and duty for his monarch, feels not his breast glow for his prince's welfare—and in a moment, when the time's rough trial calls loudly on my sworn allegiance, and summons it to proof—if I abandon either, may Heaven, when most I stand in need of mercy abandon me.

*Prince,*

*Prince.* Ay, Mother---and tho' we know he has escap'd the traitors, were we but sure to find him there, I would set out directly.

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*Gond.* One of those, who, stripp'd of all by an oppressing world, now make reprisals; if my looks are dark, they best explain my purpose.

*Prince.* Fly, fly mother, the villain, else, will kill us.

*Queen.* Let us pass---thou know'st us not---else would there so much terror still strike thee of our person, that---no matter---what cause halt thou to stay me?

*Gond.* By wanting an oath sworn to my fellows---disappointment---despair;---I came not here to parly, lady---quickly yield up what you have, or go where I command.

*Queen.* Command! base slave! reduc'd to this! ---Command from thee thou worm!---(*passes him.*)

*Gond.* Nay, nay, you fly not.---(*seizes the Prince.*)

*Queen.* O Heaven! my boy! strike not on thy allegiance! Save him, I charge thee, fellow---save my son, the son of thy anointed king.

*Gond.* My king! (*drops the sword.*)

*Queen.* Aye, look and tremble slave.

*Gond.* I do indeed---and though my sword has never been unsheathed, since fate has link'd me to a lawless band, but to intimidate, not harm the passenger; I rather would have plung'd its maked point into mine own bosom, than to have rais'd it thus---  
I do



I do beseech your pardon; and if aught wherein I may be capable of service, can make atonement, you shall find me ready, be't at what blind and perilous risk soever; for I have heard the fate of this day's battle; and should a guide, whose dark and haggard fortune wraps him in humble seeming, be thought worthy in this the time's extr'mity, to direct your wandering steps, my zeal shall prove itself warm and unshaken, Madam.

*Queen.* Thou mak'st amends; and the strong tide of evils rushing in with rapid force upon us, well might urge us, like sinking men, to grasp at idle shows t'accept thy service—yet thou may'st be false and lead my boy to his destruction—Say—what sureties fellow have I of thy truth?

*Gond.* Think on the awe inspiring air that marks a royal brow, and make the traitorous soul shrink at its own suggestion; and when care with envious weight invades the diadem, to aim an injury there—'twere monstrous baseness! Oh long and ever, ever be there seen a heaven gifted chain round majesty, to draw confusion on the wretch who, watching a transient cloud, that dims its lustre, dares think on his sovereign with irreverence.—But more to bind me, Madam, to give you confidence—know, I have been your soldier, and have fought in this proud cause—some haply may remember me, when fortune's sunshine smil'd upon it.

*Queen.* And now—for greatness ever has its summer friends, who, at the fall and winter of its glory, fly off like swallows—thou'lt betray me.

*Gond.* Never---Wrong me not in your thoughts, I beseech you, Madam---for I will serve you truly---truly guard your royal son; he is but half a subject who, in the zeal and duty for his monarch, feels not his breast glow for his prince's welfare---and in a moment, when the time's rough trial calls loud y on my sworn allegiance, and summons it to proof---if I abandon either, may Heaven, when most I stand in need of mercy abandon me.

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Let us go with him, mother.

*Gond.* I know each turn and footway of the forest ---can lead you thro' such blind and secret windings, that would perplex pursuers, till they wander as in a labyrinth. West of this a little, there stands some straggling cottages that form a silent village, and whose humble tops, deep shadow'd by the dark o'erhanging wood, escape the notice of the traveller---Hither, so please you, I'll conduct you---I have a friend lowly, but trusty, who shall tend upon you, while I will skim the country round, to gain intelligence of your divided party.

*Queen.* Then take my boy---for I will trust thee. I must per force---(*takes up the sword*)---But mark! ---for still I doubt, if for a moment---mark me, fellow, well thou giv'st me cause to think thy damn'd intent aims at my dear child's life---that very moment, tho, that the next should be my last, I'll plunge this weapon to thy heart!

*Gond.* Fear not.

*Queen.* Lead on!

[*Exit Gond. leading the Prince---Queen follows, with the sword.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.



A C T III.

SCENE---*A Village.*

*Enter Fool and Villager.*

*Vill.* Tell me, now good fellow, now I prithee?

*Fool.* But wilt thou lend an ear to my tale?

*Vill.* That will I, all the ears I am worth.

*Fool.* Then need not I tell the story---for if thou lend st all thy ears, then thou'lt have none left to hear it."---Wa'st ever in a battle old boy?

*Vill.* No truly.

*Fool.* Then are thou a dead man.

*Vill.* What for not being in a battle?

*Fool,*

*Fool.* Ay, marry by the very first rappier that comes in the way; for no man can *live* by the sword but a soldier; and of soldiers there are three degrees, and three only.

*Vill.* As how?

*Fool.* As thus--your hot fighter---your cool fighter---and your fighter shy---The last degree makes a wondrous figure in many muster rolls.

*Vill.* Of which last you make one?

*Fool.* In some degree.

*Vill.* And it was that made you run from the battle.

*Fool.* Right---running is your only surety; bully Achilles, the great warrior of old, thought otherwise, and he was only vulnerable in the heel. Now, my heels always ensure me from being wounded--dost know why Heaven makes one leg of a man shorter than the other?

*Vill.* No.

*Fool.* That he may be able to put the best leg foremost when there's occasion.

*Vill.* And you had occasion enough last night.

*Fool.* Truly had I---and therefore came I to your cottage, where I slept on a bare board all night.

*Vill.* Ah, Heaven knows, my house is poor enough; but such as it is you are welcome.

*Fool.* Nay, I quarrel not with the lodging I only complain of the board---and now wou'd'st thou know my story?

*Vill.* I wou'd willingly hear of the battle that was lost.

*Fool.* Then prithee ask of those that found it---but come, I'll e'en tell thee how it was---thou hast a wife?

*Vill.* Yes, forsooth; that was my old dame you saw at home.

*Fool.* Keep her there—for nature plainly intended her for a homely woman: did'st ever quarrel with her before marriage?

*Vill.* Never.

*Fool.* Afterwards a little?

*Vill.* Um—why to say the truth, my poor dame, has a fine flourish with a cudgel—but people will needs fail

fall out now and then, when once they come together.

*Fool.* That's the very way we lost the battle—for had the two parties never met—depend on't one had never cudgel'd the other.

*Vill.* Mass thou'rt rare fellow in the field.

*Fool.* Very rare—for I never come there but when I can't help it.

## S O N G.

*Fool.*

*To arms, to arms, when captains cry,  
With a heigbo, the trumpets blow,  
To legs, to legs, brave boys say I,  
Heigbo! I needs must go.*

*When arrows swift begin to fly,  
Heigbo, Twang goes the bow.  
And soldiers tumble down and die,  
Heigbo! I'll not do so.*

*Whizzing go balls of lead, heigbo thump they go,  
Tall men grow shorter by the head heigbo!  
I'd rather grow; In time of trouble I'm away, heigbo!  
I'll winds they blow,  
But always ready at pay day, heigbo!  
Great folks do so.*

*Enter 2d Villager.*

## S O N G.

*Fool.*

*Ha'st e'er seen a hen on hot griddle?  
Has Jack Lantern e'er play'd tricks with thee?  
Didst e'er see a cat and a fiddle?  
Them pray judge in a battle of me.  
For I am the boy in a battle,  
That yet ne-ver one moment stood still,  
Whilst shrill trumpets blow, or drums rattle,  
It's in quick running I shew my skill.  
For when whizzing by come the bullets,  
And soldiers lie down and are dead,*

*And*

*And broad-swords have slit up their gullets,  
It's high time to take care of my head.*

*Chorus—Yet still I am the boy in a battle*

*Am missing when danger is nigh,  
At running I beat all their cattle,  
And my pay to receive I can fly.*

*Shot off were you arms in the hurry.*

*(Though it certainly makes you more light,)*

*You'll find yourself so much in a hurry,*

*That no hand you can have in the fight.*

*Blown off were your legs from their stations.*

*(In dread wars direful chance, sure they might)*

*Not all the great wisdom of nations,*

*On a footing can put you to fight.*

*To lose a man's head in a battle,*

*Out of countenance puts him quite,*

*Hears neither fives squeak, nor drums rattle,*

*His nose he can't shew in the fight,*

*Chorus—Therefore I am the boy, &c.*

*A fool's advice take in a battle,*

*And your heels use when danger's at hand,*

*Or when arrows fly, and drums rattle,*

*You may then have no heels on to stand.*

*And then you'll lie down in a battle,*

*You enemies laugh at the joke,*

*Depriv'd of the pleasure to prattle,*

*And quite lost in a torrent of smoke.*

*Then glory comes in with her laurel,*

*And shadows your poor bleeding head,*

*Tho' lie you have lost in the quarrel,*

*Your fame will live after you are dead.*

*Then, what should I do in a battle,*

*Nay, 'twere best dwell in safety like thee---*

*Nor wait 'till Fame's trump sounds her rattle,*

*No! such grinning honour for me---*

*1st Vill. Now, goodman Hobbs, whence came you?*

*2d Vill. There's a great lord come in from the  
routed*



routed party, who has taken shelter in our village since break of day; one of your great friends, good sir.—*To Fool.*

*Fool.* Did'st see him, how looked he!

*2d Vill.* I tended him some quarter of an hour—troth he seemed wondrous weary.

*Fool.* Of thy company now cou'd I be weary too, and find in my heart to be dull—*(flourish)* but here comes females—and were a man's head emptier than a spendthrift's purse, they will ever bring something out on't. Hence comes it that your dull husbands's head is improved by your lively wife—if she can bring out nothing else, she brings out horns.

*Enter Villagers of both Sexes.*

*Fool.* Now good folks, whither go ye?

*3d Vill.* Truly, Sir, this is our season for making of hay; and here am I, sir, with the rest of our villagers going about it.

*Fool.* Thou art right old friend! now might I, were it not for disgracing the army, turn mower among these clowns, and why not? Soldiers are but cutters down of flesh, and flesh is grass all the world over. I'll e'en out this morning and do execution in the field.—Come lads and maidens, one roundelay, and we'll to it.

*Women sings.*

*Drifted snow no more is seen,  
I hear him, bark the merry lark  
Calls us to our sports away,  
Peeping to our roundelay.*

SCENE—*An Old Hall.*

*Enter La Varenne and Barton.*

*Bart.* Nay sir, thank not me, I am no trader; I, in empty forms, in neat congees and kick shaw compliments, in your “dear sirs”—and “sir you make me blush.”—I'm for plain speaking, plain and blunt—  
besides

besides I've been a soldier, and I take it, *sir*, you who are still in the service are aware that blushing seldom troubles the profession.

*Var.* Still friend, I thank thee, thou hast shalter'd me at this hard trying moment, when the buffets of tainting fortune wou'd rather persuade friends to shrink back than serve me.

*Bart.* Good faith, *sir*, I know not how you have been buffetted—but this I know, at least I think I know it, if there's a soldier in the world's wide army, who will not in the moment of distress, stretch forth his hand to serve a falling com'rade, why, then I think that he has little chance of being found in heaven's muster-roll.

*Var.* I like thy plainness well.

*Bart.* Nay, my plainness is such as nature gave me, and wou'd men leave nature to herself, good faith her work is pretty equal—but we must be garnishing, until the heart, like to a beauty's face, which she ne'er lets alone till she has spoil'd it, is so befritter'd round with worldly nonsense, that we can scarcely trace sweet nature's outlines.

*Var.* Who of our party, prithee, since the battle, have shelter'd here among the villagers? Can'st tell their names?

*Bart.* Aye, marry can I, *sir*, but *can* and *will* are birds of different feathers. *Can* is a swan, that bottles up its music, and never lets it out till death is near.—But *will* is a piping bull-finch, that does ever whistle forth every note it has been taught, to every fool that bids it. Now, *sir*, mark, whoever's here, depend on't, tell I *will* not.

*Var.* Why, this is over-caution; would not they rejoice as readily at seeing me, as I at seeing them?

*Bart.* I know not that, I'm no whisper monger—and if once a secret is entrusted to my charge, I keep it as an honest agent shou'd, lock'd in my heart's old strong box; and I'll answer no draught from any but my principal.

*Battle of Hexham.]*

D

*Var.*

*Var.* If now, thou hast a charge, old trusty, I, believe me, am next heir to it.

*Bart.* Very likely; yet, sir, if heirs had liberty to draw for what is not their own, till time does give it 'em, I fear the stock wou'd soon be dry, and then the principals might have some cause to grumble.

*Var.* Thou art the strangest fellow! what's thy name?

*Bart.* Barton—that I may trust you with.

*Var.* And no more?

*Bart.* Not a pin's point more—Pshaw, here comes one to let all out—children, fools and women will still be babbling.

*Enter Prince.*

*Prince.* Ah, my lord, is it you.

*Var.* Oh, my young sir, how my heart springs to meet you—where is your royal mother? is she safe?

*Prince.* She's in this house, my Lord.—Last night this honest man received us, and another his friend, not quite so honest as he might be, did bring us hither. 'Twas a rogue, my lord—yet no rogue neither, and to say the truth, the rogue, my lord's a very honest man. Lord how this meeting will rejoice my mother and she was wishing now, within this minute, to see the seneschal of Normandy.

*Bart.* So this is the seneschal of Normandy—so here is another secret; plague take all secrets! this is in token of their liking me—just as an over hospitable host, out of pure kindness to his visitor, crams the poor bursting soul with meat he loaths.

*Var.* I cannot blame thee, friend, thou know'st me not, and thou hast now a jewel in thy care, well worth thy utmost caution in preserving.

*Bart.* I need not to be told the value on't. I have been sworn her subject, sir—and since my poor house has been honour'd with her presence, the tender scenes I've been a witness to 'twixt her and this young bud of royalty, wou'd make me traitor to humanity, could I betray her—there's a rapturous something that

that plays about an English subject's heart, when female majesty is seen employed in those sweet duties of domestic love which all can feel, but very few describe.

*Var.* Oh, how thou warm'st me, fellow, with thy zeal! come my young lord, now lead us to her majesty.

*Bart.* Why, as things go, I'll lead you where she is, but were they otherwise, and you had not discover'd where she is, you'll pardon me, but I had led you, sir, a pretty dance, e'er I had led you to her: come, sir, I'll conduct you. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE—*Another Apartment of Barton's,*

*Enter Gondibert and 1st Robber.*

*Gond.* Away all night!—what then? am not I their leader!—do they begin to doubt me!—am not I, as it were, wedded to the party?

*1st Rob.* Why---true, noble captain; and we have treated you as a wife would a kind husband—but when a husband's out all night—why—

*Gond.* Well, sir, what then?

*1st Rob.* Marry, then the wife is apt to grumble a little—that's all.

*Gond.* Go to, I had reason—What's the news?

*1st Rob.* The news is, we have taken some stragglers in the forest.

*Gond.* Are they of note?

*1st Rob.* Faith we have some of all qualities, gentle and simple mix'd---we had no time to stand upon the picking. They are all penn'd up in the back cavern, and you must e'en take e'm like a score of sheep, fat and lean together. But there is a beardless youth, follow'd by a cowardly serving-man, who press'd hard to see you.

*Gond.* What wou'd be?

*1st Rob.* Faith, Sir, he would be a noble fellow. I take it he has a great soul---too large for the laws---he has questioned me plentifully concerning you.

*Gond.* Concerning me!

*1st Rob.* Yes he enquir'd if you were maimed---

Do

how

how long you had been with us---your age---your statute---may, he was particular enough to ask what sort of a nose stood in your face.

*Gond.* Wherefore these questions?

*1st Rob.* Troth I think he wou'd like well to serve in our band; for he seems to have a marvelous nice notion of honour. He took up your dagger of curious workmanship, that lies on your table in the cave, and did so study the dudgeon on't; marry, the boy knows how to handle a weapon, I warrant him.

*Gond.* Where have you bestow'd him?

*1st Rob.* Why he was so importunate, that I have e'en brought him and his man along hither.—The man I fear'd might babble; so I've intrusted him, till you give orders for his release, to your friend Barton here, and he, finding he has been a butler, lock'd him in the cellaridge.

*Gond.* Conduct the youth hither. [*Exit 1st Robber.*]

Then why shou'd I repine?---since there are others who, in the early Spring and May of life, behold the promis'd blossms of their hopes nipt in the very bud. Here comes the youth, and bears a goodly outside; yet 'tis a slender bark, that Providence ne'er fram'd for tossing much in a rough sea of troubles.

*Enter 1st Robber, with Adeline.*

*1st Rob.* Here youth, this is our captain; cheer up now, and speak boldy—you need not fear—a raw youth Captain, but a mettled one! I'll warrant him. A word with you—(*takes Gond. apart.*)

*Adel.* It is, it is, my lord! Oh, Heaven! my heart—to find him thus too! yet to find him any how is transport! (*aside.*)

*1st Rob.* I shall look to it—you would be private, now I take it. Now, youth, plead cleverly to be dmitted amongst us, and your fortune's made—be but a short time with us, and it will go hard indeed if all your cares in this world are not shortly at an end.

*Gond.* Now to your business, youth.

[*Exit.*]

*Adel.*



*Adel.* 'Tis brief. I have been sorely wrung, fir, by the keen pressure of mishap. I once had friends—they have left me. One whom I thought a special one, a noble genman, who pledged himself by all the ties that are most binding to a man, to guard my uninstructed youth—even he, to whom my soul look'd up, whom I might say, I lov'd as with a woman's tenderness—even he has now deserted me.

*Gond.* Then he acted basely.

*Adle.* I hope not so, fir.

*Gond.* Trust me, youth, I think he did;—for there's an open native sincerity that marks thy countenance which I scarce believe could give just cause to a steady friend to leave thee.

*Adel.* Now, by my holy dame, he had none to suspect me;—yet from the pressure of the time, some trying chance—But I am wand'ring—this is my suit to you—if you should find me fit to be instructed with the secrets of your party, I could wish to be enroll'd among you.

*Gond.* Hast thou well weigh'd the hardships which our life constrains us to? our perils, nightly watchings—our fears, disquietudes---our jealousies, e'en of ourselves, which keep the lawless mind for ever on the stretch, and turn our sleep to frightful slumbers; when imagination discovers to the dull and feverous sense mishapen forms ghastly and horrible! and mixes in the chaos of the brain the nature struggling under the oppression, rouses the sleeping watch! who starts and wipes the chilly drop from off his clay-cold temples, and fain would call for help, yet dare not utter---but trembles on his couch, silent and horror struck!

*Adel.* Attempt not to dissuade me---I am fixed---yet there is one soft tie! which when I think---the cruel edge of keen necessity has cut asunder---almost bursts my heart.

*Gond.* What is it youth?

*Adle.* That which from my youth---(for I have

scarcely yet told one and twenty)---might haply not be thought---yet so it is---Know, then, that I am married!

*Gond.* Married! didst say? And dost thou love the---Oh!---

*Adel.* Witness for me Heaven! the pure and holy war with n that fills my bosom.

*Gond.* Nay, then, my heart bleeds for thee! for thou might as easily attempt to walk unmov'd, with all the liquid fire which Etna vomits pour'd in thy breast, as here to hope for happiness.---Oh, what does the heart feel that's rudely torn from the dear object of its wedded love! and still to add a spur to gall'd reflection, that very object witness of the cause arraigns your conduct!

*Adel.* (*with emotion.*) And have you felt this?

*Gond.* I tell thee, wretched youth---fie, thou unman'st me---Prithee return, young man---I have a feeling, a fellow-feeling for thee. If thou hop'st for gentle peace to be an inmate with thee, turn thy steps homewards---link not with our band.

*Adel.* Wherefore shou'd I return! return to witness the bitter load of misery which circumstance has brought upon my house---To see my children---

*Gond.* And hast thou children, then!---whose innocence have oft beguil'd thy hours, who have look'd up smiling in thy face, till the sweet tear of rapturous content has trickled down thy cheek!---Thou trying fortune!---Mark out the frozen breast of apathy, and triple case it round in adamant!---Throw but this pois'nous shaft of malice at it, 'twill pierce it through and through!

*Adel.* And if I thought 'twere so---

*Gond.* Hear me young man! thou wring'est a secret from me, which, till this hour, was borne in silence here; while, vulture-like, it pray'd upon my heart!---I am married! I have a wife! and one whom kindly Nature form'd in her lavish mood!---Oh her gentle love be m'd thro' her eyes whenever she turn'd them on me, with such a mild and virtuous innocenc, that  
it

it might charm stern murder; and yet I have wounded, villain like, her peace!—But I am punished for't day, night awake, asleep, still or in action—Bleeding fancy pictures my wife sitting in silent anguish—pale! heart-broken, mild in sufferance, mingling meek forgiveness with bitter agony—blessing him who wrongs her;—while my poor children, my deserted little ones, hang on her knees, and watch the silent drops steal down her grief-worn face! Yea, dost thou weep!—shape thy course homeward then—for pangs like mine, wou'd so convulse thee, youth, that, like an engine, 'twou'd wrench thy tender nature from its frame, and pluck life with it. (*crying.*)

*Adel.* Oh my dear lov'd lord! here cease those pangs—here, in the extasy of joy, behold your Adeline now rushing to the arms of a belov'd husband—(*runs to him*)

*Gond.* Merciful Heaven! my Adeline! and hast thou, oh! my heart, this sudden conflict—thus let me clasp thee to it, ne'er to part more, till pangs of death shall shake us. What hast thou suffered, sweet, for me to cause—and are our children—

*Adel.* Well, and in safety.

*Gond.* Could I leave them too?

*Adel.* Nay, I prithee now—no more of this!—Blot from thy memory all former sorrows; if we think upon't, be it at some calm moment, when content smiles round our happy board!—and trust me now, I think our storms are over.—On my way I learnt the house of York has now sent forth free pardon to all those who, long attached to the Lancastrian party, have not mustered in their late enterprise.

*Gond.* Blessed chance! that now constrained me to inaction!—I'll now turn home and quit this hated life of plunder.—But oh, my Adeline—once more to hold thee—to return to happiness—to see our children.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter 1st Robber.*

*Gond.* How now, what's the matter!

*1st Rob.*

1st Rob. Marry, the matter is with the oaf in the cellar; the fool shakes as if he were in an ague; we may e'en turn him a-drift any how, for he will no how turn to our account. He's cowardly and poor—he can neither rob nor be robb'd.

Adel. Oh! 'tis my man.—I pray you conduct him hither.

1st Rob. I'll trundle him in. but you'll make nothing of him—I have been trying to take him into service, and make him fit for our party, but there are some manner of men 'tis impossible to work any good upon. [Exit.]

Adel. Poor simpleton! 'tis Gregory, who, in pure zeal and honest attachment, has followed me.

*Enter Gregory.*

Greg. Mercy! this is the great cock captain of the whole brood of banditti!—'tis all over!—and I have been shut up these two hours like a calf for killing—Lord! lord! if calves did but know the reason of their being stall'd as I have, they'd so fall away with fear, that veal would scarce be worth the bringing to market.

Gond. Why, how now, man?

Greg. (*not looking at him.*) Oh Lord! I'm a poor fellow, sir, indeed!—shall be a long time in getting rich, and would fain not die till I am so—Take my life, sir, and you take my all; and truly sir, you'll find that time has a mortgage upon it of forty-two years; and the furniture of late is so worn with ill usage, that the remainder of the lease is not worth your acceptance—if—sweet noble sir, you would but ---(*turns and observes him*)---Eh, oh, ho, the father! No---Yes---Oh Lord! oh fear!

Gond. Why, dost thou not know me, Gregory?

Greg. Huzza! he's found!-- (*jumps*)---Dear, my lord, I never was happier since I was born, at the sight of you!

Gond. Trust me, I think so, Gregory-- Come, love, let's into calmer conference---follow, good Gregory.

[*Exeunt all but Gregory.*]

Greg.

*Greg.* Here's a simple change in a man's fortune ? now might I, when I say 'tis he, were it not as plain 'tis he as a nose is a nose---swear that my eyes were putting a lie in my mouth, in very spite of my teeth. Gad a man might go near to think that one of the thieves had robb'd my lord of his person, and was wearing it out, that his own might lie by, Oh, the quiet comfortable days that I shall see again ?---Mercy on me ! 'tis enough to make a coward tremble to think on the battles my valour has been put to.----Nothing now again but old fare---old rubbing of spoons, and a cup of old sherry behind the old pantry door, to comfort my old nose in a cold frosty morning.

S O N G.

*Gregory.*

*IN a quiet old parish, on a brown healthy old moor,  
Stands my master's old gate, whose threshold is wore,  
With many old friends, who for liquor wou'd roar,  
And I uncork'd the sherry that I tasted before.*

*Moderation.*

*Then I had my old quiet pantry, of the servants was head,  
Kept the key of the old cellar, old plat, and chipp'd  
the brown bread ;  
If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,  
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.*

*Moderation.*

*But we had a good old custom, when the week did begin,  
To shew by my account I had not wasted a pin ;  
For my lord, tho' he was bountiful, thought waste was  
a sin,*

*And never wou'd lay out much, but when my lady lay-in.*

*Moderation.*

*Good lack, good lack, dame fortune on me did frown,  
And I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to town,  
Worn off my old legs, in search of bobs, thumps and  
cracks of the crown,*

*I was fairly knock'd up, and almost foully knock'd down.*

*Alteration.* [Exit,

SCENE



## SCENE—The Village.

*Enter Queen, La Varenne and Prince.*

*Queen.* The northern coast beset?

*Var.* Close watch'd with enemies: 'twere too bold a risque that way to seek the sea, then bend your course thro' Cumberland; so please you, at Solway Frith we have warm friends to favour our embarkation; sailing thence to Galloway, with all convenient speed, we stretch towards Edinburgh, and thitherwards I learn the king is fled, where, in the bosom of the Scottish court, you may in safety stay, till the succour, which noble Burgundy, warm in beauty's cause, once more his aid no doubt will lend.

*Queen.* Then let sharp injury subdue base minds alone, its scalding spirit pour'd in a royal breast will quicken vengeance---Come, good Seneschal, there's hope in't yet. Holds it not likely, when our dispers'd nobility shall hear we are again on foot, our royal standard will be flock'd with friends.—Here comes the fellow whom I told you of.

*Enter Gondibert, Adeline, and Gregory.*

*Queen.* Now, good friend, the news?

*Gond.* This, as my spies inform me, madam, Montague has push'd right north, towards Dunstaburgh, hoping there to surprise your Majesty.

*Queen.* Let the fool on, this favours our intended march thro' Cumberland, what else?

*Gond.* No more, but that some twenty or thereabouts, of your dispersed soldiers are fallen in my power—I have made bold, finding that here the village is attach'd in honest bands of loyalty, to direct my men to march them hither; if your course should need a guard, those few will serve you when more were dangerous.

*Queen.* Oh, true! true fellow! believe me, honest friend, of all the bolts which spiteful fortune hurled against my crown, none strikes so deeply as my poor ability how to requite thy faith.

*Gond.*

*Gond.* Madam, the subject who, in his poor endeavour can relieve a sovereign from distress, they who are loyal will pour down blessings on him---That requital three-fold repays his services.—But here—  
heaven has in pity of my sorrows, now pour'd balm upon my bleeding sufferings.

*Queen.* What my young warrior!

*Adel.* A weak one madam, and a woman too—your pardon madam, if to seek a husband, happy has been my search, more than the cause, altho' my heart is warm in't—brought me hither.

*Greg.* And truly, madam, I shou'd but lie in my throat, if I were to say I came from pure valour.

*Gond.* Peace—your guard approaches madam; and the villagers, anxious in zeal to see their royal mistress in throngs have follow'd.

*Enter Procession of Soldiers, then Villagers.*

*Queen.* This is a charming sight—soon may this warmth be general, and may Henry bask in its genial sunshine—England, awhile farewell! and if in future times—no doubt 'twill be so—thy king unites his people to his confidence, and his commanding virtues, mild, yet kingly, shall draw the breath of rapturous loyalty from the guilt palace to the clay built cottage, then will thy realm indeed be enviable.--Strike then on!

# FINAL E——CHORUS.

*Dread wars at length all over*

*W'll seek the rural plain;*

*Each soldier now a lover,*

*Shall clasp his love again.*

*Chorus.---Dread wars, &c.*

*Sweet peace all joys possessing,*

*Long, long our country blest*

*The grateful boon confessing,*

*Shall crown our happiness.*

*Chorus,---Dread wars, &c.*

*Dear*

*Dear mirth for ever smiling,  
Come nimbly with thy train,  
With glee the hours beguiling,  
Trip, trip it o'er the plain.*

*Chorus---Dread wars, &c.*

*With pleasure balms delighting,  
Let Cupid now command,  
And since we've done with fighting,  
Lee's all join hand in hand.*

*Chorus---Dread wars, &c.*

**F I N I S.**



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